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THE

VARIEGATED YEAR:

A POEM.

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INSCRIBED

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

By ARTHUR SCOTT NEILSON.

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THE

VARIEGATED YEAR:

A POEM.

FROM the fair roſe bud, on the prickly thorn,
Ambroſial ſweets perfume the opening morn;
And as the lovely bluſhing leaves expand,
They ſpread their fragrance o'er the verdant land.
From thee, O BEDFORD, in the bloom of youth,
This nation looks for virtue and for truth.
Fair is the bud, maturer years will prove,
That thy great name deſerves your country's love.
The name of RUSSELL to Britannia's dear,
And virtuous minds ſtill find a grateful tear.

On

On thee hereditary honours ſhine,
And with ambition, round thy temples twine.
My infant Muſe now humbly craves your aid,
To baffle cenſure, and make wits afraid.

See, Albion's happy iſle, with ſky ſerene,
To ſing thy beauties is my favour'd theme:
The ſmiling Spring wafts o'er the fetter'd plains,
And ſurly Winter yields to melting rains.
Now ſudd'n from the hills, in torrents flow
The new form'd ſtreams, and ſweep the plains below;
Wide o'er their banks the rivers quickly riſe,
Flow thro' the plain, and ſoon all bounds deſpiſe.
The yielding earth reſounds on every ſide,
And from her boſom num'rous rivulets glide.
Now ſhoots the ſnowdrop from the ſnowy bed,
Juſt looks around, then droops it baſhful head;
Expiring Winter flutters through its veins,
And oft is ſeen faſt bound in icy chains;

Till

Till from the ſouth the balmy winds do blow
In ſofter gales, and melt the frozen ſnow.
But ſoon in flow'ry robes the fields appear,
And bluſhing, hail the lovely vernal year.

Firſt, on the variegated liſt, is ſeen
The prickly ſloe-thorn ſlightly tipp'd with green;
Then burſts the whiten'd bloom, and ſcents the morn,
Whilſt dew drops trickle from the roſy thorn;
Where, like Aurora opening on the dawn,
She breathes her ſweets wide o'er the ſpangl'd lawn.
Now gaily glide along the ſparkling ſtreams,
And on their ſurface play Sol's radiant beams;
Their jetting banks with num'rous flow'rs are crown'd,
Whilſt through the neighb'ring wood ſweet notes reſound.
The hills re-echo with their lovely ſong,
And wood nymphs hail the happy feather'd throng.

When

When the ſtill night is hardly gone, or day
Burſts from its priſon thro' the duſky way,
The early lark mounts from the fallow field,
And to her pinions the dank vapours yield;
In the denſe gloom ſhe ſoars elate with pride,
And tardy morn with chearful notes does chide,
Till in the eaſt Aurora's ſmiles are ſeen,
Enliven'd by the feeble darting beam,
Shot from the Sovereign Ruler of the day,
Who now appears, and gilds the clouded way.
Abaſh'd, the ſable Moon reſigns her light,
Veil'd in a morning cloud ſhe takes her flight;
With pomp divine the burning planet rolls,
And ſpreads his glory round the glowing poles,
With influence mild ſhines on the fertile plains,
And breaks the bonds where Winter yet remains.
Now pair the feather'd ſongſters of the grove,
And, gently billing, tell their tales of love:
Their ardent vows the echoing hills repeat,
Reſounding through the ſhady lone retreat.

Long

Long importun'd, at length ſhe deigns to yield,
And crowns their bliſs in ſome ſequeſter'd field.
Soon wedded cares engroſs the female's breaſt,
Who robs the woolly flocks to form her neſt.
Within the ſpeckl'd eggs are careful plac'd,
And by her ſpreading boſom cloſe embrac'd;
Till from the ſlender priſon burſt the young,
Whilſt on ſome neighb'ring bough her partner ſung,
Now roves about, and ſeeks for tender food,
And quick returns to cheer the infant brood.
When fledg'd, with joy they leave a parent's eye,
And through the wood in vain attempt to fly.

In human nature this we often find,
That evil's ſought, and good is left behind.
In youth we ſeem as if in fetters bound,
And think that liberty will ne'er be found.
Where parents urge the daily harſh command,
As well might billows leave their uſual ſtrand.

We fly from thoſe we ought to hold moſt dear,
And hate thoſe monitors we ſhould revere;
Soon ſhun ourſelves, as if a peſtilence,
Nor think our actions cauſe the offence.

The ſower ſlowly treads each furrow o'er,
And, as he ſteps, wide flies the whiten'd ſhower.
Soon in the rear the glitt'ring harrow comes,
Tears through each lump, and then a cov'ring forms.
Brown ſeems the level ſurface all around,
Till thro' the clods the pointed blades are found.
But when the Sun retires far in the weſt,
And the pale Moon ſprings from the clouded eaſt,
The tim'rous hare limps from her furzy form,
And ſilent nips the braird ſecure from harm;
Or, from the warren num'rous conies roam,
And ſpoil whole fields, till day-light wafts them home.

The lowing herds croud o'er the flow'ry fields,
That fragrant herbage now ſpontan'ous yields;
By ſweets ſurrounded, ſtill unſettled rove,
Till in the eve reluctantly are drove,
With ſwelling udders, where the maid awaits,
And graſps, with pliant fingers, round the teats.
From her fair hands now ruſh, in divers ſtreams,
The flowing milk, and ſoon each veſſel teems
With the rich load, and to the dairy bore
In ſnowy pails, then quick returns for more.
And now the bleating flocks ſport on the plain,
In wanton rounds, and oft each ſinew ſtrain.
Thoſe cover'd with rich foliage ly at eaſe,
Tho' friſky lambs their mothers ſometimes teaze.
Theſe to their gambols nimbly do repair,
And chearful breathe the ſultry noon-tide air.

Quick thro' the chryſtal ſtream the finny tribe,
By ſhoals, bound heedleſs as the ſparkling tide;

Whilſt on the curling ſurface gently plays
The barbed fly, and flutters divers ways,
View'd by the ſimple trout with eager eyes,
Who ſudden darts, and to deſtruction flies.
So often fares it with unthinking man,
Whoſe love of fame, or wealth's the fav'rite plan,
And like a torrent bears each virtue down.
Tho' on his projects perverſe fortunes frown,
Like Lethe's fleeting ſtreams deluſive run,
Yet ſtill the longing touch ſeems not to ſhun,
But ſhould the gods but grant the fav'rite boon,
It often proves that ruin is their doom.

Now on the dewy plain the Elves purſue
Their midnight ſports in robes of azure blue.
Some to the dance around a riſing hill,
Whilſt others thro' a key-hole glide at will,
And gently whiſper in the fair one's ear
Soft tales of love, then burſts the ſleeping tear:

With

With warmth of fancy round her bluſhes ſpread,
And deeply ſighing claſps the downy bed.
Then quickly fly and join the buſy croud,
Who joyous laugh, and ſing, and talk aloud,
Till Chanticleer's unwelcome voice reſounds,
They ſudden ſtart, and ſoon o'erleap all bounds.

On Nature's lovely couch blue vi'lets ſpread,
And gentle tulips faintly ſtreak'd with red.
The opening roſes ſcent the ambient air,
And oft adorn the boſom of the fair.
The budding flow'r hails the ambroſial ſeat
With rapture, where the ſnowy circles meet;
Still fluſhing further o'er her face it glows,
And blends the lily with the damaſk roſe.
The blooming woodbine decks the cottage round,
And dropping honeyſuckles ſcent the ground;
Far ſpreads her luſcious ſweets acroſs the plain,
Where ſun-beams glitter through a ſhow'r of rain;

By

By evening zephyrs wafted as they paſs,
And decks with orient pearls the velvet graſs.

When ſable night ſucceeds the lively day,
And waving ſtreamers croud the milky way,
The glowing planets light the azure ſkies,
And blueiſh light'ning momentary flies,
Then down by ſome ſequeſter'd meadow's ſide,
Where weeping willows grow, and ſtreams do glide,
Sweet Philomel the general ſilence wakes
With am'rous notes, till grey-ey'd morning breaks,
From o'er the eaſtern hills the Sun's bright rays
Diſpel the gloom, and waft it divers ways.
Then with majeſtic ſplendour deck the earth,
That now with burſts of joy far echoes forth.
Firſt glitter o'er the flow'ry dewy mead,
And chear the daiſies on the graſſy bed;
Then ſparkle in the purling azure ſtream,
Diffuſing joy from every radiant beam;

Till riſing from the north a low'ring cloud,
The lightnings flaſh, and thunder roars aloud.
Veil'd in the ſtorm the Sun ſtill faintly glows,
And o'er the earth her ſable mantle throws;
Down ruſh the rattling ſhowers on the plain,
And of their force the ſounding hills complain.
Round the aerial arch, the promis'd bow,
Ætherial ſubſtance, in bright colours glow.
Wide ſpreads its glory round the clouded ſky,
Which now unrobes, and living ſun-beams fly;
Glance on the ſwimming earth, and ſoon exhale
The wat'ry gift, borne with a gentle gale
In miſty clouds, and thinly ſpread around,
Till in ſoft ſhow'rs again they ſweep the ground.

Around the tow'ring oak the ivy twines,
And on his maſſy trunk green liv'ry ſhines;
Yet deigns the hermit's cell for to adorn,
Nor heeds intruſion from the prickly thorn.

Within

Within the hallow'd ſpot the hoary ſage,
Runs o'er his life, which now his thoughts engage.
Reflection ſerves for to encreaſe his bliſs,
Nor can it find a ſingle deed amiſs.
Sequeſter'd far from buſy ſcenes of life,
He knows no care, nor ever thinks of ſtrife.
His mind on God alone is ſolely bent,
This is his aim—from this ſprings ſweet content.
If from his heaving breaſt eſcapes a ſigh,
Where nought but pious thoughts come ever nigh,
He ſighs in pity for another's woes,
With ſoft compaſſion oft his boſom glows.
Thus ends a life of innocence and worth,
Peace to his ſhade! his virtues ſtill ſhine forth.
The echoing grot repeats his dying groans,
And from its concave ſides flow various moans.
The croaking ravens paſſing ſlowly fly,
And the clear ſtream runs mournful murm'ring by.

Behold.

Behold, in MONTAGU, all virtues ſhine,
A bounteous heart, a generous mind,
Diſdaining party, to do good 's his aim,
His breaſt is conſcious of the noble flame.
Late, very late, may England mourn his loſs,
And the diſtreſs'd in ſilent anguiſh paſs.

Now Summer's ſolſtice gently falls around,
And radiant beams dart on the rip'ning ground.
In yellow robes the chearful fields appear,
And hail the Ruler of the varied year.
The cluſt'ring grapes hang on the ſlender vine,
And bend the feeble ſtalks with roſy wine.
The downy peach ſome ſouthern wall adorns,
And bluſhing roſe-buds ſcent the ſpangl'd thorns.
When the fair Sun rides down the ruddy weſt,
And buſy crouds are gone to ſilent reſt,
The blooming maid the chryſtal river ſeeks,
With beauties flufhing round her roſy cheeks.

With curious eye ſhe views the ſpot around,
Left in the ſhade ſome rude intruder's found.
Health join'd to love her teeming eyes confeſs,
And tender ſighing does her mind expreſs.
At length undreſs'd, ſhe ruſhes from her ſeat,
And the lov'd ſhock the yielding waters meet.
Her ruby lips embrace the curling waves,
Though oft repell'd, for further favour craves;
So great the bliſs, they quick return for more,
And with their ſtruggles laſh the ſounding ſhore.
Like Venus riſing from the azure main,
With wanton Tritons in her wat'ry train,
So the fair nymph roſe from the weeping flood,
And on the flow'ry bank ſhe dripping ſtood.
From her lov'd form the drops unwilling glide,
And, ſlowly trickling, join the ſparkl'ing tide.
Now rob'd, ſhe on the graſſy couch reclin'd,
Her ſwelling boſom ſpoke her lab'ring mind.
With accents ſweeter from her ſever'd lips,
Than what the bee from various flow'rs ſips,

She

She gently thus complain'd of froward fate,
Ye Gods! am I the object of your hate?
Why does Evander ſlight my proffer'd love?
I'm ſure my ſteady thoughts from him ne'er rove.
Has not my fault'ring tongue, and downcaſt eyes,
My heaving breaſt, and tender ſtruggling ſighs,
Declar'd how much I love, how much I feel?
My ſex's weakneſs ſtill I muſt conceal.
Ah, cruel man! why ſeek the giddy throng?
For thee love quivers on my trembling tongue.
Her well-known voice now reach'd Evander's ear,
And, ſpringing forward, claſp'd the bluſhing fair;
Confeſs'd his fault, and ſilence ſpoke her flame;
The reſt let others gueſs, I dare not name.
But here let looſe ideas ceaſe to rove,
The happy pair's now crown'd with virtuous love.

Spread on each thicket num'rous inſects ly,
Their ſlender webs conceal the dormant fly.

Soon through the ſilken bands to life they come,
And thouſands ſtrew the verdant fields along.
The op'ning bloom ſhrinks at their pois'nous breath,
And tender branches meet with inſtant death.
Some ſlowly drag their ſlimy carcaſe through
The flow'ry fields, and ſtain the morning dew;
Whilſt others clad in hairy down are ſeen
With many legs, and breaſts adorn'd with green.
But ſudden chang'd by ſome transforming pow'r,
And deck'd with wings, the produce of an hour,
They leave the grov'ling throng, and flutter round
In azure air, diſdaining the low ground.
With wonder view'd, each breaſt with envy fills,
Some ſlink their horns, and others ſeek the hills;
Where in their earthy fortreſs cloſely pent,
They ſhun the light, and to their grief give vent.

Far in the weſt the blazon'd Sun declines,
And on the ſetting clouds with ſplendour ſhines.

Soon

Soon in the eaſt appears the ſilver moon,
Diffuſing borrow'd beams around the gloom.
Now roams the cunning fox, and ſeeks his prey,
Till hapleſs flocks come in his murd'ring way;
Fierce ſprings the cruel foe, and in one breath,
The timid creatures meet with ſudden death;
Nor does the tyrant ſtop his fury there,
But deals deſtruction every where.
The ſavage feaſt expires at break of day,
Then homeward ſlowly ſweeps the dewy way.

Now croud the ruſtics on the lively green,
When Phœbus darts the feeble blunted beam,
And join the ſprightly dance, where blooming health
Glows in each face, and ſerves for want of wealth.
Ambitious thoughts their honeſt breaſts diſdain,
And native innocence does ſtill remain.
See roſy youth blooms on the fair one's cheeks,
And bluſhing ſilence eloquently ſpeaks.

The

The auburn treſſes, waving without art,
Her boſom ſhade, and round new charms impart.
The ſwelling moiſture teems in every eye,
And love eſcapes at every ſtruggling ſigh.
The ſimple ſwain with rapture views his love,
And graves her name throughout the ſhady grove.
The feather'd warblers join his love-ſick ſong,
And hail the lovers as they walk along.

With ſwelling ſails the bark cleaves through the tide,
And from her prow the burning waters ſlide.
Soon from the hov'ring duſky clouds ariſe
The furious gales, and vivid lightning flies.
The foaming billows, with impetuous haſte,
Ruſh forward from the bows into the waiſt.
The birds fly ſcreaming o'er the boiſt'rous waves,
And on the ſhatter'd rigging ſhelter craves.

Sometimes

Sometimes the jarring winds in ſilence ly,
Till by Æolus loos'd, then ſudden fly.
Though oft the vaſt expanſe in ſilence ſeems
As ſeas of glaſs, clad o'er with ſparkling beams;
Then on the deck the chearful group are plac'd,
And round from hand to hand the can's embrac'd,
Pledg'd to the favourite fair at home,
Till quickly burſts aloud the rattling ſtorm;
Then nimbly mounting trim each flutt'ring ſail,
And forward glances with a ſteady gale.
Soon from her rounded bows the briny tide
Flies foaming, wide around on ev'ry ſide.

Now ſhine the ſickles in the farmers' hands,
And joyous ſpread wide o'er the yellow lands.
Then plac'd in form oblique they eager ſtrive,
With emulation every nerve's alive;
Till by their ſteady hands the buſhy grain
In many rows is plac'd along the plain.

Nor

Nor ceaſe till eve, when from their toil they come,
And in the ſhade, or rural cottage room,
Talk of the well-ſpent day with merry glee,
And nut-brown laſſes dandle on each knee.
Then chearful to the humble bed retire,
With tranquil mind, nor higher e'er aſpire;
Where, in ſweet ſlumbers, to the great unknown,
They paſs the ſilent night without a groan.

Mewing the owl flies from his ivy bed,
And perches on ſome ſpire, or tow'r's head.
Attentive to the midnight flutt'ring throng,
And ſilent views them as they paſs along.
If in ſome hallow'd ſpot he takes his ſeat,
With uncouth notes the paſſing trav'llers greet;
Yet ſtill conceal'd, with care he ſhuns the light,
And adds new terrors to the gloomy night.
With aſpect grave, and ſolemn ſtep he comes,
In ſearch of noxious creatures ſtill he roams,

Till day appears, then haſtes into his cell,
Nor ever rous'd, though near the tolling bell.

Now to the covert of ſome ſhady grove
His ſnowy bleating flocks the ſhepherd drove,
Where, led by love, beneath ſome elm reclin'd,
He tun'd his pipe, and eas'd his lab'ring mind;
Soft flowing notes of Elvina complain,
And rend the boſom of each neighb'ring ſwain.
Well pleas'd the Cyprian Goddeſs view'd the ſcene,
And, with angelic ſweetneſs in her mien,
She call'd for Cupid with his pliant bow,
Quick to the earth, ſhe ſaid, you now muſt go,
And from your quiver chuſe the keeneſt dart,
That the ungrateful fair may feel the ſmart;
Without remorſe pierce thro' her tender breaſt,
Tho' frozen ſeems, yet ſues for to be preſt;
Divide the heart, and to her lover bear
The better half, then leave the ſighing fair.

I know the ſhepherd, and I know he's true;
But owes his all to beauty and to you.
The urchin ſmil'd, and thro' the yielding air,
On golden pinions borne, ſoon found the fair;
Who muſing ſat, a river's ſide was nigh,
And the clear ſtream run gently bubbling by.
At ſight of Cupid, with compaſſion glow'd
Her tender boſom, and her eyes o'erflow'd.
What cruel mother has forſook this boy?
Then claſp'd him to her breaſt with frantic joy;
But ſoon a glow of warmth flew thro' each vein,
She ſudden ſigh'd, look'd round, and ſigh'd again.
What can this mean? why throbs my heaving breaſt,
Some wayward hag has robb'd me of my reſt.
The God th' etherial ſhaft now drew,
And with the bleeding heart he rapid flew.
By pow'r divine the ſwain receives the prize,
And pleaſure ſparkles from his glowing eyes.

Soon

Soon balmy comfort run thro' ev'ry vein,
And pleaſing hopes ariſe, in place of pain.
The aerial friend now mounts the ſkies,
And fills the ſwain with wonder and ſurpriſe.

The induſtrious bees employ each hour,
Extracting ſweets from ev'ry flow'r.
Around the enamell'd fields they roam;
Nor ceaſe till eve, then ſlowly reach their home,
Deeply laden with the luſcious prize,
They hover round their artificial hive;
And croud with buzzing noiſe the narrow door,
Then to their cells they drag the juicy ſtore.
When balmy ſleep o'erſpreads their ſlender eyes,
Oft o'er a pit, where blueiſh flames ariſe,
The helpleſs ſwarm by cruel man is plac'd,
And ſoon by ſulph'rous death embrac'd.

O'er the rough ſtubble the ſportſman comes,
And round about the ſteady pointer roams.

The frighted covey mark his mazy courſe,
Till near the ſpot he ſtops with ſudden force;
With eager longing ſtare he anxious ſtands,
And ſlowly, beys his maſter's dread commands;
Then ruſhing forward on the ſcented ground,
In divers points the birds now fly around.
Some in their flight o'ertook by leaden death,
And in the azure air reſign their breath;
Whilſt others gain the wood, and ſilent wait
Their mates return, then quit the ſafe retreat.
Rous'd by deſpair, wide o'er the fields they fly,
Whilſt hills re-echo with their plaintive cry;
Where long they mourn, then in conjunction come,
With ſounding pinions, to their uſual home.

Life's autumn to the juſt yields ſweet content,
The choiceſt bleſſing that from Heav'n is ſent.
That ſeaſon, NORTH, to you with joy appears,
The recompence of many well-ſpent years.

In

In thee thy country finds a patriot's zeal;
Thy time's devoted to the public weal;
Domeſtic virtues crown thy happy hours,
And in life's garden are the faireſt flow'rs.

Now, from the kennel come the ſteady hounds,
And from their well-tun'd mouths flow various ſounds;
Join'd by the lively horn, and ſweet halloo,
By hills re-echo'd when the game's in view.
Spread o'er the copſe they ſnuff the dewy graſs,
And the cloſe cover'd hare they often paſs;
Till ſudden ſtarting from her furzy form,
The eager pack now ſound the grand alarm.
Hark forward, hails the hunters all around,
Whilſt ſprightly courſers ſpurn th' indented ground;
Like lightn'ing on the plain ſhe trembling flies,
And ſhouts of hounds, and ſportſmen, rend the ſkies;

Unknowing

Unknowing of her courſe ſhe ſcours the plain,
And ſoon purſuers leaves far in her train.
Now ſudden ſtops, on hinder legs uprear'd,
Till diſtant ſounds increaſe; again ſhe's ſcar'd,
And truſts to ſafety in her feeble flight;
Deluſive hopes! alas, the dogs in ſight,
Where can ſhe fly? what ſtratagem evade
Her cruel foes?—ſhe ſlips into the ſhade.
With cloſe ſlouch'd ears ſhe waits approaching death,
And yields, at ev'ry ſound, her fleeting breath.
Now at a ſtand the mutt'ring pack croud round
With marked rage in ev'ry growling ſound.
By death ſurrounded the poor creature lies,
And from each mouth the foaming fury flies.
The love of life, tho' late, at length prevails;
Then ſpringing forward, ev'ry hound aſſails
The hapleſs victim as ſhe paſſes by,
Who juſt eſcapes, then like the light'nings fly.

The

The ſlow-pac'd beagles, with concordant ſong,
Her footſteps follow, and delight the throng.
Soon overtook, in wild deſpair ſhe throws
Her heavy eyes, and views the cruel foes:
In ſilent anguiſh meets the horrid death,
Thro' unrelenting monſters of the earth.
For ſhame, ye Britons! ſeek more noble ſport,
Such barb'rous manners ill befit a court;
Theſe harmleſs creatures well deſerve your aid,
Tho' more of man, than hungry hounds afraid.

Now fancy wafts me from this happy land,
To Afric's dreary woods, and burning ſtrand;
Where, to my raviſh'd ſight, the Ethiops croud,
And round me curious look, then laugh aloud.
My colour, dreſs, and ſpeech, all create ſurpriſe,
And wonder ſparkles from their burniſh'd eyes.
There chilling blaſts are rarely ever known,
The ſooty race bow to the torrid zone;

Downward

Downward direct the ſcorching beams deſcend,
No ſhadows ſeen, no ſhelter to defend,
Save in the foreſt wild where lions roar,
And diſmal yells pierce to the ſounding ſhore.
Yet to the weſtward Gambia's banks are ſeen,
With ſpreading cedars crown'd, and myrtles green.
Here often fall ſoft gentle ſhow'rs of rain,
And ſun-beams mild ſhine o'er the verdant plain.
Oft from the ſandy hills, when ſtreams o'erflow
Their ſlender banks, and ſweep the vales below,
The precious duſt lies on the ſurface bare,
And eager ſought with unabating care.

Far to the eaſt the fragrant gales ariſe,
Waft thro' the air, and ſcent the azure ſkies.
In citron groves the ſwarthy Arabs reſt,
From hunting come, where fancy pleaſes beſt.
Spread o'er the fields the ſprightly courſers feed,
Whilſt in the ſhade the trembling victims bleed;

Then

Then to the ſandy deſarts they repair,
Where clouds of duſt o'ercaſt the ſultry air,
And whirls in wild confuſion round and round,
Then in brown ſhow'rs ſtrew the parched ground.
Now rang'd in warlike form they rove about,
And ſome a-head in ſmaller parties ſcout;
When, lo! the holy hoſt draw ſlowly nigh,
And from the Arabs burſt the uſual cry.
With horror fill'd the pious bands advance,
And forward view the ſudd'n dire miſchance.
Ah, dreadful day! when Heathens triumph o'er
The faithful flock, now reeking in their gore.
Fly ſwift, ye winds, to Mecca's temple bear
The mournful news, and join the holy prayer:
With ardour join, let breaſts with fervour burn,
And place their aſhes in ſome ſacred urn.

Behold the weſtern world, where Indians live,
And Nature ever bounteous bleſſings give.

The beauteous landſcapes ev'ry where delight,
And raviſhes the mind as well as ſight.
The lofty pine the ſpacious foreſt cloaths,
And on the hills bloom lovely myrtle groves.
With luſcious fiſh the rivers teem around,
And vari'us fruits hang o'er the verdant ground.
Rare and delightful notes ſound thro' the grove,
And ſpotted fallow deer at pleaſure rove.
The ſky ſerene ſhines with a heav'nly blue,
And bluſhing roſes ſcent the morning dew.
Within the cedar grove the cooing dove
Hops round his mate, and ſoftly aſks her love;
With tender glances rears his burniſh'd breaſt,
And gently pecks the fair one's ſpeckl'd cheſt,
Then droops his wings, and ſues for further bliſs,
And ſeals his pleaſure with a downy kiſs.
Eternal conſtancy their joys compleat,
Tho' ſhort their parting with freſh raptures meet.
The woods bear witneſs to their mutual loves,
No birds ſo happy as the turtle doves.

Now

Now heavy clouds fly rapid in mid air,
And ſhow'rs of ſleet the ſudden change declare.
The hoary froſt each morning decks the ground,
And winds blow ruſtling with a hollow ſound.
Fierce gales aſſault the grove, and ſudden fly
The drooping leaves, and round diſcolour'd ly.
Stripp'd of their liv'ries green the fields appear,
A certain preſage bluſt'ring winter's near.

Now blows rude Boreas with imperial ſway,
And balmy ſummer yields to him the day.
On ev'ry ſide a ſettl'd gloom is ſpread,
And ſudden ſhow'rs ſwell each river's bed.
The clouds condens'd, in rapid motion ſeem,
And from their boſom vivid lightnings ſtream;
Loud thunder rolls throughout the clouded ſky,
And o'er the earth the whiten'd ſhow'rs fly.
The ſtreams congeal at Caurus's * icy breath,
And the rich verdure meets a frozen death.

* North-weſt wind.

Ev'n ſo the hoary morn of age draws nigh,
And the chill'd tedi'us hours inſipid fly;
Then ſlowly glides along life's trembling ſtream,
And mortal grandeur ſeems an idle dream.
The faireſt face muſt now deep furrows wear,
And feeble limbs a tott'ring carcaſe bear.
Dim are thoſe eyes that ſhin'd like diamonds bright,
And ſoon will vaniſh in eternal night.
Virtue's the precious gem that ne'er will fade,
But brighteſt ſhines in the Elyſian ſhade.
Its vot'ries there with bliſs divine abound,
And ſhouts of joy through heaven's arch reſound.

The hardy Laplander now fleetly glides,
On the glaz'd ſnow in car triumphant rides.
Wrapt up in coſtly furs he braves the night,
Illumin'd by Aurora Borealis's light.
Drawn by rein-deer he forward ſkims the ground,
And through the woods the nimble creatures bound.

The

The glowing heavens here with ſplendour ſhine,
And fill each wond'ring breaſt with love divine.

The limpid ſtream, faſt bound in ſilver chains,
Glides ſlowly, and of cruel fate complains.
With mournful cries the naked woods reſound,
And lifeleſs birds ſtrew o'er the leafy ground.
The lofty foreſt bends its tow'ring head,
And ſhatter'd branches ſoon the fields o'erſpread.
The woolly flock draw near their wonted home,
And to the ſtalls the lowing herds now come;
With dripping wet, they humbly do implore
The aid of man, and ſeek the friendly door.
With chryſtal ſpires the cottage eave now ſhines
Tranſparent ſubſtance, yet at noon declines;
By feeble rays ſent from the wat'ry ſun,
Then pearly ſhow'rs drop, and rivulets run.
Soon with redoubled force the winds do blow,
Waft through the ſkies, and freeze the falling
ſnow.

In

In ſtronger fetters ev'ry river 's bound,
And birds hop chirping o'er the heartleſs ground.
The gloomy night ſucceeds the ſurly day,
And ſcatter'd ſtars peep through the duſky way;
With ſplendour wan the ſable moon draws nigh,
And o'er her orb the winds with fury fly;
Enthron'd ſhe ſits in colour'd circles dreſt,
And, veil'd in clouds, ſhe wades towards the weſt.

When from the north the furious gales ariſe,
Loud thunder rolls, and vivid lightning flies;
The lofty ſhip cleaves through the foaming tide,
And from her ſtem the burning waters ſlide.
From the bent yards the ſails are ſudd'n tore,
And now the bark her helm obeys no more;
But ſpurn'd ſhe drives before the angry tide,
And with each ſwell ſhe rolls from ſide to ſide;
Till not far diſtant land appears in view,
And gives new hopes to the deſpairing crew.

Joys

Joys ſhort-liv'd! for fears, unknown before,
Their minds enthral—alas!—a rocky ſhore.
Broadſide ſhe drives between two pointed rocks,
And on beam-ends receives the dreadful ſhocks;
Till thro' the opening planks the water flies,
The hollow ſhore reſounds with piercing cries.
Be huſh'd ye winds, ye troubled waves be ſtill,
The trembling victims have obey'd your will;
Beyond your pow'r, have reach'd a happy ſhore,
Where no rude ſtorms ſhall ever trouble more.

And here, O SCARBOROUGH, I recall to mind,
My once commander, generous and kind.
The name of LUMLEY will be ever dear,
And, with the world, his mem'ry I'll revere.
But more than gratitude to you I owe,
And ever preſent on my ſenſes flow.

O'er the brown deluge frowns the angry ſky,
And heavy clouds quick in ſucceſſion fly;

By

By furious winds drove high in mid air,
And from them ſudd'n burſt the lightning's glare;
The thunder rolls, and weighty ſhowers flow
In various ſtreams, and flood the plains below.
Now in the wood the partridge ſeeks for reſt,
And from the weather hides her ſpotted breaſt.
Soon o'er the jetting banks the rivers ſpread,
And, ruſhing forward, leave their uſual bed;
Till ſhooting from ſome rocky cliffs rebounds,
In divers foaming ſtreams they fall around,
And with the ſhock the neighb'ring hills reſound.
Behind a wat'ry cloud the ſun is veil'd,
And from the drooping earth his warmth's conceal'd;
Now mourns his fallen power, and ſoon retires,
Lighting the weſtern world with feeble fires.
The angry wind the thatched roof aſſails,
Which long ſuſtains the ſhock of furious gales,

Till

Till by one ſudden blaſt the eave is torn,
With rage relentleſs ſoon the cov'rings borne
With fury on the plain, while torrents pour
Thro' the wide rent, and flood the humble floor.
Within the ſhatter'd cot th' aged parents ſtand
With anxious looks for the young flock at hand,
That tremble at the hollow whiſtling noiſe,
Tho' oft careſs'd, and ſooth'd with childiſh toys.
Then join'd with pray'rs, for pow'r from above
To guard the fruits of early virtuous love.

Soft Spring aſſerts her turn to rule the year,
And balmy gales waft round as ſhe draws near.
All nature feels the wonted ſoft reprieve,
And Winter's ſhackles with new raptures leave.
The bounteous ſun unbends the ſtubborn chains
That tyrant forg'd, and now deſcend ſoft rains.
The fertile moiſture teems throughout the earth,
And from its boſom fragrant flow'rs take birth.

Now diſappears the ruler of the day,
And leaves behind a gilded purple way:
Far ſhining to the eaſt, where the pale moon
Reflects his rays, and chears the general gloom.
In the etherial arch ſhe riſes ſlow,
And round about the various circles glow;
In beauteous order ſparkling ſtars are ſeen,
And add new pleaſures to the heavenly ſcene.
Here let the raviſh'd ſight with wonder gaze,
And look around where glorious planets blaze;
With aweful contemplation hail the Pow'r
Who has declar'd, that in one dreadful hour,
The earth and heavens, at his flaming word,
Shall melt like wax, and own one SOV'REIGN LORD.

THE END.